Roundhouse Watchman's Tale

Tells of a Desperate Battle in a Fly- life when we had reached Trinidad, and ing Locomotive.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

There was a shrill, grating noise, a clatter of wheels and chains and a honk-honk from the buildens and a honk-honk from the buildens and a look honk from the buildens and a look honk from the buildens and a look honk from the buildens and a look from his seat, and look honk from the buildens and a look from his seat, and look from the buildens and a look from t honk-honk from the bridge connection something, I don't know what, gave me engine as the movable track bearing a warning. I tried to turn and the Danish sculptor, destroyed last its many-tonned burden of locomotive moved into position before the only unoccupied track in the roundhouse. As the echoes of the protesting sounds died away, old "291" began to pulse him, and as I looked into his eyes then died away, old "291" began to pulse again, and, with apparent reluctance, drew out of the orange glow of the setroundhouse, for the machinists had knocked off work half an hour before, and only two or three incandescents gleamed here and there. It was a gloomy place to leave the old machine, for I had become attached to it is my few weeks of service in the cab, and the whole thing impressed me much like I suppose it would another man to take someone he loved into a deserted hospital for treatment. That was the reason, I expect, why I linguist and while I held him against his seat was the reason, I expect, why I lin-gered by its side after the engineer

wivid contrast.
"Well, old girl," I said, "I guess you I could have closed it by swinging our be in for a long treatment this time, bodies against it, but that would have and we won't see you again for a few meant a rush backward to as certain weeks," and my hand reached out half destruction as if we mounted the curve

though," said a voice at my elbow, and I suppose I jumped about a foot, for I hadn't been conscious of speaking aloud, and that anyone besides myself to me. There was some light in the tion for the train rested on myself. Of the setting sun, but it wasn't strong that I was certain.

"What a world of thought a man can laughed over that sudden start the un-

"The last engine I ran on, Tom," he continued, his voice grave in tone and

she pulls."

I turned and looked at the old man, for there was something in the tones of his voice that made the words sound queer. "Old Mike" he was dubbed, but he was younger in point of years than many men still operating on the road. Some accident had incapacitated him from active service, and the berth at the passengers, but as I grasped it he recovered the hammer and the blow descended before I could swing the shavel to its work. That my some

"An accident is liable to happen to any engine, Mike," I answered. "The old girl's good—there's no doubt about

leaked out how the road was going t take care of me, but it always make me sore when I think about that gush

me sore when I think about that gush, for it's all a lie, every word of it. I'm glad to have the job I've got, but I tell you. Tom, there are times when I feel as though I hold it on a sort of false pretenses, though I told my story strought enough, only they wouldn't believe it, and the doctors said it was pure imagination on my part.

next to his wife and baby; '291' was the only thing in the world to him. He nursed her and cuddled her like a father would an infant, and though I gave him the ha-ha over it at first, somehow or other it wasn't long before I was nearly as foolish as the enginee himself. 'Mike,' he'd say to me, afte I was nearly as foolish as the enginee himself. 'Mike.' he'd say to me, afte he had gone over her parts again and again to see how fit they were, "here's one machine that's going to have the record of never an accident. I just feel it somehow or the other, and it ain't going to be any fault of mine if one ever should happen.' Well, nobody's running into accidents if they can avoid, but I placed a kind of reliance

make me feel as sure as a bullet when we were hustling along to make up lost time on any of the trips. One night the old man failed to report for duty, and five days later he was dead of pneumonia. Bad, well. I should say I did feel bad about the old man's death. I don't know that I ever liked a man better than I liked him, and I realized more fully what a good fellow he was through contrast with the engineer they'd put in the eab as his successor. Schmaltz was my new mate's a man better than I liked him, and I realized more fully what a good fellow he was through contrast with the engineer they'd put in the cab as his successor. Schmaltz was my new mate's name, a fellow of German descent, and not only gloomy, but irritable in disposition as well. Unsociable and given to fits that made me feel like punching him in the head, he preyed on my nerves until at last I resolved to put in an application for a transfer. The night I came to this decision he must have suspected it in some way, for he was in one of his worst moods, and the story I've told you is as straight as a string. You've never heard of old the story in a smash-up or accident in his studio are bits of the described on the like story is the measurement. The not found the story is the best in this berth. The body of Schmalz was my bitterness of comment against the meddlers. The church authorities did not take the intitiative: they were pressed into action by quite a different element than they themselves usually encounter in the church authorities did not take the intitiative: they were pressed into action by quite a different element than they themselves usually encounter in the church authorities did not take the intitiative: they were pressed into action by quite a different element than they themselves usually encounter in the church authorities did not take the intitiative: they were pressed into action by quite a different element than they themselves usually encounter in the church authorities did not take the intitiative: they were pressed into action by quite a different element than they themselves usually encounter in the church authorities did not take the intitiative: they were pressed into action. It is a strict that I had done a thing. It is a strict that I had done a thing. It is a strict that I had done a thing. It is a strict that I had done a thing. It is a strict that I had done a thing. It is a strict that I had done a thing. It is a strict that I had done a thing. It is a strict that I had done a thing

two or three times before we made our first stop his jeers at my firing almost provoked me to a fight, but I held my peace as best I could and said nothing.

"After awhile, however, Schmalz quieted down, but it wasn't long before he began to find fault with the engine.

He sware of first that she wasn't make the street he wasn't he wasn't make the street he wasn't make the street he wasn't he wasn't make the wasn't he wasn't wasn't make the wasn't he wasn't he wasn't he wasn't he wasn't make the wasn't he swore at first that she wasn't making steam, that the gauge lied, and then took to cussing her generally be-cause, as he vowed, her speed wasn't

our run was over. He sneefed at me, but quieted down again, and I was congratulating myself the trouble was over for the present, when, just as I shapes the altermost reach of his was reaching into the tender with my oones. I felt as though they were shat-

saw that I was dealing with a man conveyed in the newspapers, was the who was either mad or in an insane criticism aroused by a man (with whisrage. I called to him to remember the passengers, that the train was in our imaged angels. Some fay there will be ring sun into the somber depths of the passengers, that the train was in our repair shop. Dark, indeed, was the charge, but he spat at me and tried to shop. Dark, indeed, was the charge, but he spat at me and tried to a third gender, applicable to symbolic ouse, for the machinists had wrench his arm from my grasp. If he figures in clay, or bronze or marble—a

and while I held him against his seat like a vice begged him to stop at least had done, with my thoughts paying attention only to its power and reliabilities as I had the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between Scripping as I had the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between Scripping as I had the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between Scripping as I had the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could be could settle with me in whatever maning the dividing lines between the could be could first day I was assigned to it, of its slightly antiquated cut. Nut that "291" armore determined struggle to get free. Was an old girl. No: she had seen a few years' service and had descended to the freight class. But she was as good as the day she was first turned out of the shops for work, though her lines were different from the newer machines with which she so often stood dome and done quickly or that trainload of men, women and children were machines with which she so often stood dome and the lever of the lorge with me in whatever man, in the dividing lines between Serrich in the help leased. His only answer was a more determined struggle to get free.

I don't suppose we were locked together more like a century. I didn't dare let go of him, but something had to be done and done quickly or that trainload of men, women and children were man, ing the dividing lines between Serrich in the help leased. His only answer was a more determined struggle to get free.

I don't suppose we were locked together a century. I didn't dare between Serrich in the help lease. I don't suppose we were locked together a century. I didn't dare between Serrich in the help lease. I don't suppose we were locked together a more like a century. I didn't dare between Serrich in the help lease. I don't suppose we were locked together a more like a century. I didn't dare between Serrich in the help lease. I don't suppose we were locked together. The help lease is the day and an artist's interpretation of it.

"Dr. Huntington was very nice, in the ded, I cannot tell you what passed between Serrich in the help lease in the day and an artist's interpretation of it. es with which she so often stood doomed to death. The lever of the

affectionately toward the big driver in and went down with it wide open. It ont of me.

She's good for plenty of service yet, occurred to me once to close the throtteners, said a voice at my show and the in this way but Schmalz's left arm him, and this would have rendered my effort futile. That he was mad, absolutely mad, there was no doubt in my

the outlines of the shrunken, stooped form standing beside me, the form of the watchman. Mike McTigue. 1 in that desperate situation with the maniac, and plan after plan arose and I maniae, and plan after plan arose and was dismissed from my mind as I conexpected sound of his voice had caused me, but Mike, contrary to his usual others and tried to think of some way habit, stood silently by without seeing to effect their rescue. At last it octive point that had excited my mirth. and then, by pulling Schmalz around suggesting a half reflective, half sentimental mood, "was old 291, and I know her like a book. She'll be good when the best of these here birds are scrapiron, and it's lucky the crew is Schungly's strength came hack and I schungly strength came hack and I schungly strength came hack and I navigate behind her, for there's Schmalz's strength came back and no accident going to happen to what tried to throw him against the lever she pulls."

from active service, and the berth at the roundhouse had been given him as wasn't broke is a miracle, though the en to The time and left me the wreck I am today. In the brief fraction of a secold girl's good—there's no doubt about that—but she's just as liable to get hers some day as any of the rest of 'em."
"Don't you believe it," he responded, turning toward me almost fiercely. "No accident can happen to 291, for she's protected as no other engine on the tender and the corine. ond, however, I fell helpless on the cab the light of emotional impressions, h

protected as no other engine on the line is."

I stared at the old man. If Mike hadn't gone crazy, then I was mistaken, but before I could frame any kind of a remark he began to clamber up the side of the cab, and, reaching out, turned on one of the electric lights hanging near. "Come on up," he said to me, as the light gleamed and the mechanism of the cab hanging near, "Come on up," he said then challenged.

This he told me by inferential method, because he never talks directly for publication.

"Now, there, for instance, is the same question, the question of sex." he said, pausing before a group; "if embodies my contention that most people never the coal in the engine.

"I lay there with my back pressing the coal in the tender, my senses wide a muscle. Within five feet of me was the mechanism with which I could only the there and look at it. Back of me was a nine-car train, freighted with hanging near. "Come on up," he said to me, as the light gleamed and the undereds of men and women, not one little space around us glowed in yellow; "come up here, where I learned what I know, here in the cab where it jook place, and I'll teil why I said that." I swung up in about a tenth of the time it had taken Mike with his half-paralyzed legs to reach the cab, the clatter of the wheels, and I alone of all the train, knew that the rustle of death's robes sounded above said work on the engineer's seat and watched him while he fingered the throttle and machinery.

"All this is new; they've put it in from time to time since I ran on her," he said, "but I tell you it makes me feel mighty good to stand here again. The old girl isn't in the hospital very often and it's been a long time since I saw her last, but here she is now, and I'll feel like a chap who's gone back to the old folks at home while she's here. I guess you know why the road made new atchman here after I got all twisted up this way and not good enough to operate a machine, "sometimes they do treat employes like that for such a reason, but that was,' the reason for them acting the way they did toward me. The newspapers called it the reward of a hero when it leaked out how the road was going to take care of me, but it always makes a side and they do the coal way they did toward me. The newspapers called it the reward of a hero when it leaked out how the road was going to take care of me, but it always makes a side of the more than the coal bean in the wind she she had begun to make was stakening, and there was that slight.

The standard of the problem of sex."

The group was described by a text from the forwhat that his first curve on the downgrade. It had the train, knew that that his the clatter of the wheels, and I alone of all the train, knew that that his the clatter of the wheels, and I alone of all the train, knew that that it had the alone of all the train, knew that that his the clatter of the wheals, and I alone of all the train, knew that t

tion of a minute, but suddenly the wild speed we had began to make was slackening, and there was that slight bump, bump from the cars that told me the air was being applied. I shivered and dreaded, for some unaccountable reason, to open my eyes, but at last, with a jerk, I paried the lids and stared into the cab again. Not a soul was there. I was alone, iving helpless, yet length.

into the cab again. Not a soul was there. I was alone, lying helpless, yet that engine was under control. Startled, in yeys swept the cab, and as they did so I saw the throttile lever slide from woman had suffered such indignity?"

e tender.

"I laid in the hospital for months of when I came out the company gave this berth. The body of Schmalz concern, without any bitterness of

HOLIDAY RATES. Via Oregon Short Line.

Tickets on sale December 23, 24, 25, what it ought to be. I could stand his | 30, 31, and January 1, 1906. Final limit abusing me all right, but when he took to cursing old '291' I called him down and promised him the licking of his Main St. City, Ticket Office, 201

THE SHATTERED ANGELS.

Most People Never Get Beyond the Problem of Sex. Says a Sculptor.

(New York Times.)

The story of how Gutzon Borgiem straighten up, but the hammer in his hands came down on my thigh with a conceived for the Cathedral of St. John force that ought to have split the the Divine, on Morningside Heights. has been told.

The reason, more or less imperfectly

aroused against a divine application of the woman's form in the figures of angels has been exploited.

The question whether angels are mas-culine or feminine has been raised, and Dr. Huntington spent an evening in the istical standards.

The result of this studio talk with

Dr. Huntington was entirely satisfac-tory to the sculptor, for he told me that he would remodel the two angels he had destroyed, and modify their em barrassment of sex.

They will be feminine, because Mr.

face and form that will render to the but-he says with a certain grim pa-tience-"I will modify them."

So the little meddling spirit of inter-erence with the sculptor's ideals has passed on to do what damage it can somewhere else, as such spirits always do-and the incident is over.

But, the sculptor being a man who can and does create, the occurrence has become one of intimate tragic experi-"There it is, the elusive thing in at

artist's life-appreciation. It comes but it comes too late, after you have given your heart to other things, other ambitions," he said, as he pointed out paintings, sketches, clay models, bronze and plaster casts that had taken shape

and symbolism by his hand.
"You destroyed these angels because on were hurt's Before he could answer, his secretary younger man, voiced a rather useful

newspaper pathos," and the sculptor meekly asked the young man to express the emotion for him. He did not do so earing upon this matter of the sex ingels, or rather the sex of any sympolic figure that may take shape oetic reverie, whether human or di

There is pathos in all sex questions. rrives at an idea by the cheap transi

He achieved the two angels in this way, by the light of his reverent, his religious emotions, and he destroye

Is saw the throttile lever slide from equarter to a full close, and the airake valve hissed as more pressure as applied. The mechanism second to worked of itself, and then, for the st time in the few minutes of hores I had gone through, my brain fairatest and I tried to cry out, but to tongue, swollen with a nameless it, clung to the roof of my mouth, should have gone mad in that despite a first of all, beauty, and the woman's figure is the more beautiful, the more adapted to tenderness, to subritual intention. This intention I had thought about and suggested in that other should have gone mad in that deep recovery we were just looking at, and so tongue, swollen with a nameless r. clung to the roof of my mouth, hould have gone mad in that deous moment, but as I looked at the sed throttle a faint, grayish-white med to surround its handle, and bear I could quite make up my mind as I always try to do. through my own interpretation. Then there was another reason for this. The appeal all art has ore I could quite make up my mind as to what it was, line after line sprang into being and as we rounded that first curve the apparition of old Caldwell was cronching in his usual manner on the bench, his hands grasping the throttle and air valve and his face turned toward the lookout, I must have fainted at this, for I don't remember any more until I came to as I was being lifted from the cab at Pullis. The train had come to a stop exactly at the station, and I was discovered unconscious, partly in the cab and partly in the tender.

As I always try to do, throas nother reason for this. The appeal all art has made in its religious expression has been to perpetuate the spirit, the form, the spiritual purity of the the Hoiy Virgin Mary. Even in the artistic interpretations of Christ the maculine has been softened by the reflected resimblance to Mary. All religious paintings, pictures or statues of the figure of Christ are made to convey the spiritual ecstacy of the Holv Virgin. This was a fundamental religious feeling of my own that prevailed when I undertook these two angels.

When I asked him why he destroyed to the provide the

interpretation in art.

In literature and poetry the angel has been masculine. Milton makes his angels men. In the plastic arts they are, and always have been—women.

We handle Occidental 1884 whisky the best in the land. The Occidental, 14 and 16 E. 1st So.



HERE are many things you want, and you've only 6 days in which to plan and purchase for the great day of Christmas. You remember your experience in years past, how you delayed Christmas shopping until the last moment, and then discovered that some of the choice articles you wanted had been sold, and that it was hard to get waited upon with the care and attention you desired. With so short a time in which to complete your Gift Purchasing, we may be pardoned for suggesting that you'd "Better Hurry." Trade early in the week if possible, but if you must leave it until late in the week, be sure to trade early in the day, as the crowds are lighter before noon. To delay now is to court disappointment. Every Department of this Irstitution Is Filled With Christmas Presents. You will be able to find what you want for Men, Women, Boys, Girls, and Children. A mighty collection of things useful and beautiful, to which the arts and crafts have contributed all that legend and the masters have taught-Gifts that express not merely a sentiment, not merely a tribute, but that dignity and refinement which have their source in elegance rather than in luxury. No argument is necessary in regard to price, for it is recognized by all that Z. C. M. I. offers the Lowest Prices on DEPEND.

ABLE, FIRST CLASS MERCHANDISE of any store in this Intermountain Region.

Clearance Sale of Girls' Coats!



Certain eastern manufacturers overestimated their trade for Children's Coats, and made up many more than they were able to dispose of. RESULT—We got the coats at our own price, and they are now here. All these, together with our ENTIRE REGULAR STOCK will be offered to our Customers at One-Third Less than Regular Prices, which makes them come at just about the cost of manufacture. There's an immense variety of styles and fabrics, and every Coat is this season's make. REMEMBER, this is the discount you usually expect AFTER the Holidays, but owing to this fortunate purchase, we propose to make you a Christmas Present of the difference in prices, and we'll place the entire stock of Girl's Coats THIS WEEK at 33\frac{1}{3}\% DISCOUNT.

ONE-THIRD OFF, ALL THIS WEEK.

THIS WILL GIVE YOU A \$5.00 Coat for \$3.35 A \$7.00 Coat for \$4.65 A \$9.00 Coat for \$6.00 A \$12.00 Coat for \$8.00 A \$6.00 Coat for . . . \$4.00 A \$7.50 Coat for \$5.00 A \$10.00 Coat for \$6.65 A \$13.50 Coat for \$9.00 A \$6.50 Coat for . . . \$4.35 An \$8.50 Coat for . . . \$5.65 A \$11.00 Coat for . . . \$7.35 A \$15.00 Coat for . . . \$10.00 AND SO ON UP. Come Early Monday and Get First Choice. You Cannot Buy Your Girls a More Sensible Present.

NAVAJO BLANKETS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

We have the largest and finest selection of Navajo Blankets ever displayed in this State, inall colors and all

> They Are Worth \$4.75 to \$25.00

Regularly at this store; other stores ask much more for Blankets not so good.



Every Blanket is guaranteed to be all Wool Warp, and to have been made by the Indians. No imitations in the lot.

> 20 Per Cent Off For One Week.

This reduction is only made for the Christmas trade and will not continue after December 23rd.

The true Christmas Spirit pervades throughout this whole establishment. Here every thought is focused on giving you more for your money than ever we did before, and more real value than you get at most other stores. Bargains in every department. Come and see for yourself. We know you will be delighted.

Z. C.M. I. Always welcomes a comparison of Prices and Qualities. Christmas time is no exception. . . .



It's to your advantage to trade early -you get Best Goods and Best Attention.